

The Question Is Still Unsettled

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By TAD

Cogitations of a Cuckoo

WHY is an empty cellar like a man with the blues? Low in spirits.

Nowadays you have to sail out past the Three Mile limit to get "three sheets in the wind."

A young lady writes in and wants to know if we think it's wicked to drink home-brew. We think it's wicked to do anything else with it.

There's only one kind of a party where a person can't have a good time—and that's a Prohibition Party.

"New Greek Offensive."—Headline. Why don't somebody throw him out?

"Woman Held for Hurling Potash in Man's Face."—Headline. He should be thankful it wasn't Perimeter!

Woman suing husband for divorce because she never knew what he was going to do next. After he gets his divorce it's easy to guess what he'll do next.

"Locked in Ice Box Butcher Watches Thief Rob Till."—Headline. Under the circumstances it was the only place to keep cool.

Care should be taken before replacing hard liquor with hard coal to see that nothing is smashed but the dry laws.

There's no such thing as soft coal dealers—they're all hard.

Coal dealers will tell you they're out of soft; but you know they're in soft.

After looking over coal prices this winter most everybody will be so hot they won't need the coal.

"Hog Digs Up Wedding Ring Twenty Years After Marriage."—Headline. That's a pretty time for a husband to be buying his wife a wedding ring!

When anyone speaks of "dressed chicken" we know what they mean!

There are no practical jokers in Congress, but there are some very practical jokers in the bills they pass.

This summer was so sultry that it was almost insultry.

The driver is called the poor man's car because it keeps him poor.

Women would not make good pugilists because they do not cover up properly.

Let women dress as they please; let 'em get close to Nature. If Nature can stand it we ought to.

One satisfaction—short skirts have definitely established that women have legs instead of limbs.

Ship of State ought to be flat-bottomed so the statesmen can't tip it over.

Tourist—What's the matter with you, uncle?
Rastus—Since prohibition Ah done got de rumbage somethin' scan'lous!

Bet Miss Liberty laughs up her torch every time she sees a ship anchored outside the Three Mile Limit.

Frothingham Phibbs on the One-Piece Bathing Suit

By Nat Dorfman.

FROTHINGHAM PHIBBS, veteran of two marriages and two other wars, looked popped at the newspaper before him and banged his fist on the table in no uncertain anger.

"What's the matter now?" his bitter half asked sweetly. "You act as if some woman beat you to your seat in the subway!"

"Well, I'll be a Democrat!" he ejaculated, implying defeat, and ignoring his wife as only benedictors know how. "I see here where the one-piece bathing suit is doomed—doomed like the twenty-five cent hair cut, the nickel cigar and laundries that clean your collars at two cents apiece!"

"Well, don't froth about it, Frothy dear," she said, with evident pleasure. "There are worse things than that to worry your dear self about. There's the important question of Silesia to settle."

"Mrs. Amanda Phibbs knew how to artfully rebuke the financial end of the corporation, and she knew she knew it."

"Silesia be poled into the ocean," he cried. "What is there so important about a strip of land?"

"Ah, but I suppose it's different when it comes to a strip of wool on a bathing suit," she countered sarcastically.

Frothy lifted himself to his full height of five feet one, a signal to his wife that he had entered the verbal battle determined to win.

"I guess you think that I'm speaking for myself, but I'll have you know that barring the one-piece bathing suit at Atlantic City, Long Beach and all the other parading grounds in the country is far more significant than appears on the surface."

"That's just where the hitch comes," said Frothy's opponent. "If the one-piece suit went below the surface instead of staying always on top there wouldn't be any one to ban it."

"But it's taking away all our independence," he protested, the fire of a fireman in his eyes. "Why, if this keeps up we won't be able to laugh anymore."

"Oh, no, not as long as men insist on wearing a bathing suit at the beach."

"Bah," said the disgruntled

Our Mrs. Doolittle

By Rhoda Montade

MRS. DOOLITTLE is the life of our boarding house. She is our funny paper, our etiquetist, our atlas. She sets our styles. She handles our business. She has travelled. She has studied. She has lived in Portland.

She is always getting up little jokes to brighten the meal hours. Just the other day Miss Dabney said she almost thought she wouldn't be back for supper because the sidewalks were so slippery.

"Never you mind, dear," said Mrs. Doolittle, "I'll get Sam to let Joe Meacham out so as he can bring your supper over to you at the store."

Sam is the constable and Joe Meacham is our only regular drunk. He used to go with Miss Dabney years ago. We all had a good laugh over Mrs. Doolittle's joke.

Mrs. Doolittle protects us from the falsehoods that people like Mr. Ramsey try to tell us. Somehow or other all Westerners are born

liars. And the way they expect us to believe anything they tell us! Mr. Ramsey is like the rest, only worse. If it wasn't for Mrs. Doolittle we might believe him. But she has travelled, too, all the way down to York County, almost to New Hampshire. She knows.

Habakuk Wilson was telling one time about George Higgins's canoe up to the lake, and Mr. Ramsey said he had canoed a lot when he worked in St. Louis. Mrs. Doolittle said she calculated it was on the Mississippi he canoed, and Ramsey said it was the Merrimac! Then she cut in real quick and said he must mean the Hudson.

But she winked at us so as we would know she really did not mean the Hudson. Then Mr. Ramsey, putting on airs like he always does—he wears his napkin on his knee and all like that—he said it wasn't the Hudson nor the Mississippi nor the Missouri and that it was the Merrimac, though he could see how Mrs. Doolittle came to make her mistake.

Then Mrs. Doolittle put on the very special polite air she always uses when she is going to give it to somebody good and hard. Unfortunately, she said, her experience was confined to New England, but she happened to know that the Merrimac was in New England and St. Louis was not, thanks be. And she said her experience with people was not limited to New Englanders, but that in the Tingley Hotel, which was the highest class family hotel in Portland, where she and Mr. Doolittle stopped three years, she met many Westerners who got in somehow, and so she knew how to take them.

That was quite a slam on Mr. Ramsey, but he didn't say anything, but was trying to think up a comeback. Finally he said that he knew there was a Merrimac in New England, but there was one in Missouri, too, which was pretty thin. Then Ramsey had what he thought was

a bright idea. He said the river he meant was spelled Meramec and not Merrimac! A child could have done better than that. Habakuk Wilson said he was right. And Habakuk is on the school board! They will be having Joe Meacham there next.

Then one time Habakuk was asking Ramsey about the schools in Chicago, and those places and whether they teamed the children to school the way they do here, and Ramsey said no, they brought the schools to the children instead of the children to the schools. Then he went on to tell about the good schools there and how manual training was started in the West before they thought of it in the East.

Mrs. Doolittle had hard work to keep from laughing right out, but she only made a joke about how she calculated the manual training in St. Louis and Milwaukee was to teach the boys to drink more near beer. And Mr. Ramsey laughed, too, and began to tell about the manual training for boys and the domestic science for girls, which he said they started to study in the grade schools. And he said they carried it on in the high schools. As if they had high schools out there!

Mrs. Doolittle kind of picked up her ears and began asking him questions. At first she didn't plan to lay him out much, for, of course, Mrs. Doolittle is kind hearted—she was a Frothingham—and she naturally pitied anyone like Mr. Ramsey. But when she asked him if they had courses in cowboying in the Chicago schools he was so rude as to laugh and, of course, after that she had no mercy on him.

He said that all real cowboys got their education posing for the moving pictures. Then Mrs. Doolittle said she supposed the Chicago schools had courses in scalping for the benefit of the Indian population,

and she said it without a smile, as if she really thought they might, and we could hardly keep from laughing and spoiling it all.

But Mr. Ramsey said he thought the day of the handmade scalp had passed, in this era of machinery.

Then he went on to say that in some of the farm schools out there there were lots of old men who had farmed all their lives and they went to school and learned something. And Mrs. Doolittle said it must be fine to see the football team of such a school, with men under eighty barred from playing, she calculated. This was a good bit at Mr. Ramsey and we all snickered—we couldn't help it.

But Mr. Ramsey said they didn't go in for football much, but had teams in corn-growing and stock-judging and so on. Even Mrs. Doolittle couldn't help laughing at this.

Then he said he knew about this because his school, the University of Ohio, at Omaha, had won the cotton-growing championship two years hand running, and that he himself had played halfback on the separator team. He said the reason the separator team did not win was because the milk they separated was from Holstein cows.

Nobody said anything for a long time, because it was pretty clear that Mr. Ramsey had been scared

into telling the truth. But finally Mrs. Doolittle could not wait any longer, and she asked him what Holstein cows had to do with it. He looked surprised and said he thought that was plain enough.

He said that for any kind of game in Ohio they had an Irish referee, of course, and that an Irishman would naturally be prejudiced against milk from a Jewish cow like a Holstein. Then he got up and left.

Mrs. Doolittle laughed so hard she let the napkin roll down from her waist front and then spilled tea over it. She said Mr. Ramsey was certainly a looney to think we would believe all that stuff. She said it was all very well about separator teams and corn contests, but he proved himself a liar right off when he talked about Chicago high schools. She said anybody but the goonys in this village would know there was no such things as high schools west of Buffalo until you got to San Francisco and Salt Lake City and those coast towns. She proved it by telling us what her husband said about it. She proves everything by him. He's dead and, of course, she wouldn't lay a lie onto him.

They can't fool Mrs. Doolittle. She has read and travelled. And she has lived in Portland.

Curbstone Comedies

Scene—Penn. Station.

Time—3:30.

FIRST PORTER—Yes, man; 'at one-fo'teh sho' am late to-day.

Second Porter—How come she all's late ev' day?

First Porter—I specs she all gets held up at Washington.

Second Porter—Ah had one nice day yesterday. Ah all took in three whole bucks—tho' best day Ah ever had since Ah bin workin' here. Yeah, man; Ah had some day yesterday.

First Porter—Yo' all talkin' 'bout some day! Ah done went an' made fo' bucks, an' some money here one day last winter. But yesterday, MAN ALIVE! Ah all done made six bits. 'Ats 'bout forty-two bucks in Mexican money, but in American money it's only the same ole six bits. Ah done carried one guy's grip, an' I'll bet it didn't weigh two ounces under a ton. MAN! 'At was some heavy grip. Ah all carried it out to Thirty-fourth street, an' 'at guy handed me one lonch, lil' thin, dilapidated sawed-off DIME.

Second Porter—Why didn't you all put in a kick?

First Porter—Whas 'at you say? Whad good is it goin' tuh do a man tuh put in a kick against a hard-boiled aig?

Age Fifteen—Yo' all said it.

Second Porter—Well, maybe yuh kin make up for it when 'at ere one-fo'teh comes in.

First Porter—Yass, but 'at bus'll never git in.

At 3:53 the 1:40 slips into the station.

Chorus of Porters—Yah come one-fo'teh! Yah come one-fo'teh!

Yah come, yah come! Take yuh bag, sah? Carry thu grip? Smath yuh baggage, ladieh?

After all the people have left the porters have returned to their resting places.

Second Porter—Waal, how'er make out 'at time?

First Porter—Well, 'at wasn't so bad. Ah all made a half case.

Second Porter—Yo' all made out better than Ah did. Ah onleh made thurteh-d' cents muhshel.

First Porter—An' Ah think Ah will go to the ball game to-morrow. Whenever Ah git any dough Ah wanna blow it in right away. Ah made \$3.50 to-day, so Ah think Ah'll take to-morrow off an' go an' have a good time on it. A man needs a vacation once in a while. It all makes him feel good.

Second Porter—Yeah; Ah guess they do 'at. Ah know Ah could use one right now.

First Porter—Well, Ah guess Ah'll go in an' wash up an' beat it down the line for thu evenin'.

Second Porter—Well, so long; see yuh to-morrow.

First Porter—So long.

A Little o' This and a Little o' That Danger.

HAVE you listened, my friend, to the tale without end Of the beauties of Old Mother Earth? In bright, glowing words of the caroling birds, Of the air and its health-giving worth? Have you dropped in the trap of the man with the map And the oily and tireless tongue? Have you purchased a lot in the suburbs? If not Look out, you're in line to be stung.

Do You Know

THAT you can get good training in the subway if you expect to be a sardine on your next incarnation? That many misguided people believe that water is a beverage? That a cat may look at a queen, but that it takes a good many chips to look at a cat of them? That many an animal trainer who bullies 4,000 pounds of elephant is scared to death of 90 pounds of wife? That though night has been falling for thousands of years, the only break in it is the crack of dawn? That the early bird sees not only the worm, but sometimes snakes and pink rabbits? That the torpedo is the least edible of shell-fish?

Law Is Law

A Drama in One Gulp, a Couple of Sighs and No Intermission.

(Scene.—Lavish reception room of modern vampire, including regulation vampire accessories, such as multi-colored chaise lounge, colored lights, colored maid. She wears a smock and a smirk; he wears a frock and a frown.)

SHE—Well, what do you expect me to do?

HE—What can I expect from you but death? You bled me while I had my millions—but look at me now!

SHE—Please spare me. I feel bad enough. You knew me to be a vampire, first, last and all the time. I've accomplished my mission with you; I've squandered all your money, now go!

HE—Go? Where to? You've taken my wife and three little babies from me—my business has gone to the dogs—where can I go?

SHE—Why not try going to where your business has gone to? He (with sudden determination, taking a flask from hip-pocket)—I know what I'll do. I shall drink myself to death!

SHE—And die happy? Never. But then, it would be a novel way to die these days at that, and the publicity I would get would more than compensate me for the happiness you will find in death.

HE—Publicity be hanged! This is serious business.

SHE—Yes, drinking to-day is a serious business. (As he puts flask to his lips a burly-looking man clambers over proscenium box to stage.)

Stranger—In the name of the law—STOP!

HE—What do you mean by this intrusion? Who are you?

SHE—Yes, who are you and by what right do you interrupt this little drama of ours?

Stranger—By the same rights that I have interrupted many other little dramas in real life in the cabarets and restaurants of our fair city. I am a prohibition agent!

HE—Well, what has that to do with us? This is a theatre—a make-believe.

Stranger (grabbing flask)—That's what I'm here to find out—if it is a make-believe. You actors and actresses have been getting away with murder—drinking yourselves to death in plays like these, while everybody else is just dying of thirst.

SHE—Stop, I tell you! This has gone far enough. This is a theatre and you are spoiling a dramatic production. If you want to uphold the law, arrest the author. He wrote this drinking scene in and he is responsible.

Stranger—Oh, don't worry. We'll get him, too. You know, even suggesting a drink is a violation of the Volstead Act. (Takes drink from flask.) Ugh! Why didn't you tell me this was home-brew?

HE—Why should I? I've had to drink this stuff six nights a week and two matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, for weeks, so why shouldn't you get a taste of it and suffer like I do?

Stranger—Well, I'm sorry for you, old top, but why do you drink this stuff?

HE—Because I am an artist and I strive for realism.

Stranger—Good! Then I now place you under arrest. How is that for realism?

HE—But you can't mean it?

Stranger—But I do. There is no stronger law on earth than the Volstead Act—unless it's that home-brew of yours. Well, let's hop along to jail.

SHE—But the audience is furious. You've ruined a perfectly good show.

Stranger—Can't be helped. This man has committed a terrible crime and he's got to pay the penalty. Guess you'd better make the best of it—you know, law is law.

Man in Audience—Well, I knew it was too good to last. I've seen this show every night since it opened. But law is law.

Entire Audience (composed mainly of men, groaning)—Yes, law is law.

Orchestra plays the drinking song from the "Tales of Hoffman" and "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" as audience files out solemnly.

CURTAIN.